

## The Story of the Skies.

HALF way up the eastern sky at 9 o'clock p. m. you will now see the "Great Square of Pegasus." It is marked out by four stars at the corners, which are about 15 degrees apart. The eastern pair are Alpheratz (the northern one) and Algenib. They mark the line of the Equinoctial Colure, which is the prime meridian for astronomical time.

## The Fatal Ring

A STORY OF ROMANCE AND MYSTERY.

Tom Carleton Is Whisked Away by the Arabs but Makes a Miraculous Escape.

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film

Pearl Standish ..... PEARL WHITE  
Richard Carslake ..... Warner Oland  
The High Priestess ..... Ruby Hoffman  
Nicholas Knox ..... Earle Foxe  
Tom Carleton ..... Henry Gsell

(Novelized from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring.")

By Fred Jackson.

Episode 10.

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"DON'T be discouraged, I'll find the stone again. I'll save you," called Pearl, with an air of defiance for her captors and confidence in his smile at Tom.

"He flashed her a smile, realizing that she spoke more confidently than she felt—and then they bore him through the doorway.

The High Priestess removed the key from the inside to the outside, closed the door and locked it. Simultaneously, one of her attendants locked the communicating door leading to the adjoining room.

Pearl dashed to the doors and pounded vigorously on each; then she rushed to the bell and rang it. A glance at Aunt Mattie proved that good lady to be already recovering consciousness.

"Nina—for pity's sake! Leave off that wailing and help my aunt," called Pearl firmly.

Nina opened her eyes, saw that the foreigners were gone, and went readily to Aunt Mattie's assistance. And at the same moment, the butler arrived, panting, at the sun-room door and let them out.

Swiftly, they descended the stairs. Pearl, the butler, Nina and Aunt Mattie. But as they reached the front door, the High Priestess's motor-car, with Tom inside it, was just turning the corner—and there was no other car in sight, in which they could have pursued.

Pearl returned to the sun-room and summoned all of the servants. She banished her white maid and her lap-dog to her boudoir, and began a careful and thorough search of the entire apartment. She had every corner examined, every piece of furniture moved, every object darted upside down. She even had the draperies shaken and the rug lifted. . . . But no sign of the violet diamond was to be found.

### No Trace of the Gem.

Aunt Mattie looked on with tightly compressed lips and glittering eyes. Nothing could have convinced her that the devil hadn't snatched the diamond himself while their heads were turned.

Tom Carleton had been invited to sit in the front seat of the High Priestess's car, next to the driver. The others sat in the tenebrous, one of the Arabs leaning casually over Tom's seat to keep the revolver pressed against him.

In this order, the party started

## ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS

Speaking recently at a patriotic and preparedness meeting in New York, Mr. T. P. O'Connor remarked that the new ideal was a hard one to live up to, more especially as the average American citizen was only just beginning to realize the full nature of the sacrifice demanded of him.

"He is like the young city clerk," continued T. P., "who thought it would be a good and pleasant thing to spend a holiday at a country farm when harvesting was at its height.

"I suppose," the farmer said to his guest on the night of his arrival, "you won't be wanting to get up very early in the morning."

"No," said the city clerk with a laugh. "I think I prefer to sleep late."

"All right," said the farmer. In that case, then, we won't have breakfast till 4:30 a. m."

down town, and turned west on Twenty-third street, where they caught a ferry for the Jersey side of the river.

Tom had no idea where they were taking him, but from previous experiences he knew that, wherever it was, he did not want to go there. But how to prevent that?

There was still the loaded gun at his back, and should the man who held it see fit to fire, the chances were that no one around would pay the slightest attention. The sound would pass for a motor back-firing, or a tire bursting. The New York streets are always full of such confusing noises.

Besides, there were the others just behind him, watching his slightest move—and the car was going at quite a good gait.

All avenues to escape seemed closed—yet Tom gazed about him cautiously, without seeming to do so.

At his feet, the gear-shift and the accelerator caught his eye—and his expression changed. Hope kindled within him. But for several moments, he made no effort to put his plan to the test. Then suddenly—Pats favored him.

### A Bold Move.

They had driven aboard the ferryboat and were standing idly near the gates, when an aeroplane leaped into view in the sky above them, catching the attention of one of the Arabs.

"Look! A ship! Look!" he cried, delighted with this unaccustomed sight. For in his country across the seas such machines are almost unknown.

The other Arabs followed the direction of his eyes, and, the High Priestess, gazed in some awe at the bird-man.

And as they gazed spellbound into the heavens, Tom seized his opportunity.

Grasping the man behind him by his gun arm, Tom threw the amazed Arab forward—over his head—and out of the car. At the same instant, he brought both his feet down hard—one on the gear-shift, one on the accelerator. With terrific and unexpected violence, the High Priestess's car leaped forward, smashed through the gates at the front of the ferryboat and made a spectacular plunge off the boat into the water.

### No Trace of Tom.

Clinging to the life rings the sailors tossed them, the three foreigners were drawn up once more to the deck of the ferry; then the big boat proceeded on its way—to linger there searching the waters for the others of the party was manifestly impossible. But all eyes turned backward as the ferry passed on toward shore and the crowd was silent, thinking of those who had gone down never to rise again.

"Our men are lost. Our ranks are sadly depleted," said one of the Arabs to the Priestess, with chattering teeth.

"But Carleton is disposed of; we have gained that much," the High Priestess reminded him grimly.

She would have changed her tone and her expression if she had known that at that very moment Carleton was landing safe and sound further down the shore.

Wet through, he began to run in order to keep his blood circulating and to prevent his taking cold. A short distance from the spot where he had come ashore he found a store that boasted a telephone booth, and from there he hurriedly called Pearl.

She had been pacing her room, wondering over the mystery of the vanished diamond when the telephone bell startled her and sent her hurrying to answer it herself.

"Hello," she called not very pleasantly.

"Hello," came back Tom Carleton's cheerful voice over the wire. Her blue eyes opened wide. A light of relief—of something very like joy leaped up in them.

"Tom!" she called excitedly. "Is Tom here?"

"Yes, he certainly is," he answered chuckling. "I've escaped again."

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

Begin Tomorrow to Read "The Vampire"—It's Worth While



# Magazine Parade



## Running the Gauntlet

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE



By Mary Ellen Sigsbee.

SINCE the world began woman has brought up her children with a constant fear looming large before her eyes like a giant waiting to destroy. She fears man's war and its inevitable bloodshed, and when this is temporarily subdued she fears his cut-throat competitive

system—the system that levies its toll on the lives of the children of the poor. The world will never know a real civilization until woman is able to raise her children with the gladness of heart that comes from the knowledge that man regards the welfare of the future generations as his highest duty.

## The Manicure Lady

By William F. Kirk.

"I THINK Autumn is the grandest month in the year," said the Manicure Lady.

"Then if ever comes perfect days, as the poet says."

"Autumn ain't no month—it's a season," corrected the Head Barber.

"You are all the time picking me up too quick, George," said the Manicure Lady. "Of course I know it's a season, but my thoughts was wandering to a beautiful woods that I seen yesterday."

"You bet," declared the Head Barber. "I was over in Flaidboro, to old Martin McCarrick's place, not long ago, and say, kid, if you want to see beauty, there it is in loads! It kinda took my mind back to my kid days back in Wisconsin, where I used to go hunting for gray squirrels instead of looking for dark horses. The country is beautiful in spots, believe me!"

"Well," said the Manicure Lady, "you can bet my thoughts was a long way from barber shops and finger nails when I was roaming up and down in them beautiful forest aisles, picking golden-rod and listening to the thrushes or whatever it was that kept singing in them tall trees overhead. Oh, how beautiful is them works of Nature and them stately groves! I could hang around there forever!"

"You might as well be hanging around there as sitting here wait-

ing for customers that don't show up," opined the Head Barber. "I guess I'll go down to the ocean and take a last Fall swim. I might as well."

"Be a optimist, George!" cooed the Manicure Lady. "Look for the rainbow, George! Cut them moans and can that whining—beyond them clouds the sun is shining," as Master John Whitman Longfellow wrote in Appleton's Fifth Reader.

Look at me, all day I have stuck around here without a single customer; but my heart beats brave and high, like I read in a speech the other day a person's heart should beat. Brave and high—that's the stuff, George! On with the dance—let joy be unreined!"

"You're a happy little cuss, at that," admitted the Head Barber. "I don't see how you do it. If I had your disposition I'd own a shop of my own in six months. It's great when you can keep that grin, kid!"

"Forget it! Forget it, George!" exclaimed the Manicure Lady. "We only got once to live, so let us kinda glide along peaceful if we can, and if we think we are going to lose our grin, anyhow we can fake a grin that will help some. Goodness knows I have faked many a grin in my time here!"

"I'm gonna try!" promised George. "I'm gonna try my darndest, kid! Only I hope if there is any inventors over there in the jam the inventors that invented safety razors are in the first line! And that's no light wish, neither, take it from Gloomy George!"

And he gazed moodily after a customer who had conserved his change.

## All Star Recipes

The following recipes have been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, and are republished here by special arrangement with that publication, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine.

All measurements are level, standard half-pint measuring cups, tablespoons and teaspoons being used. Sixteen level tablespoons equal a half-pint. Quantities are sufficient for six persons unless otherwise stated. Flour is sifted once before using.

### Apple Cake.

Three Greening apples, one-half cupful seeded raisins, one-half cupful rolled English walnuts, three-quarters cupful granulated sugar, one teaspoonful cinnamon, two teaspoonful butter, one cupful milk, one egg, flaky piecrust.

Line a deep pie plate with pastry, then mix together the raisins, nuts, sugar and cinnamon, and sprinkle over the crust. On top of this arrange the apples, sliced moderately thin. Pour over them the egg and milk mixture, sprinkle the whole with the two extra tablespoonsful of sugar mixed with one-fourth teaspoonful of cinnamon, and dot with the butter. Bake in a moderate oven at about 325 degrees Fahrenheit until the custard is thoroughly set and the apples are beginning to become tender; then reduce the heat and broil. This will require about forty-five minutes.

### Tomato Salad.

Four large tomatoes, 4 hard-cooked eggs, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 1/2 teaspoonful pepper, 1/2 tablespoonful vinegar, 1/2 cupful boiled salad dressing, 1/2 cupful broken nuts, 1 chopped green pepper or a tart apple, olives, lettuce or cross-lettuce, tomato leaves and sprigs. Remove skin from tomatoes and cut in thick slices. Chop the eggs while still hot and add the seasonings, nuts and green peppers; chill and heap on each slice of tomato. Serve on a bed of green with a garnish of olives.

### Mexican Spaghetti.

Two cupfuls spaghetti, broken in pieces; 3 tablespoonfuls bacon fat, 1 medium-sized onion, 1/2 cupful finely minced ham, 1 clove garlic, 12 dried chili peppers or 2 canned pimientos, 2 cupfuls canned tomatoes with okra, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1/2 cupful buttered crumbs.

Cook spaghetti in plenty of boiling salted water until tender. Drain and pour cold water through it. Place the bacon fat in a fryingpan and cook in it the onion, finely chopped, and the ham. Then add tomatoes and season to taste, adding pepper if needed. Simmer till it is a thick pulp. Prepare the dried chilies, if used, by removing the seeds and allowing them to stand ten minutes in boiling water. Chop fine. Rub a baking dish with the buttered crumbs of garlic. Place in it layers of the cooked spaghetti, the tomato mixture and the peppers. Cover all with buttered crumbs and brown quickly in a hot stove. If pimientos are used, add them to the tomato mixture.

Butter-Scotch Pudding.

One cupful brown sugar, 2 tablespoonful butter, 2 cupfuls hot milk, 1/2 tablespoonful powdered sugar, 1 inch thick slice stale bread, 2 eggs, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, juice 1 lemon, 1 scant teaspoonful vanilla.

Melt the brown sugar and the butter over the fire and cook it till a dark brown, but not burned. Then pour over the mixture the hot milk and simmer for ten minutes. Meanwhile, soak the bread in cold water till very soft, press all the water from it and crumble into tiny bits. Pour the chili, sugar, and butter mixture over the bread and heat in the yolks of the eggs, the salt and vanilla. Stir the mixture and then add the powdered sugar and the lemon juice; beat again. Spread over the pudding and brown slightly in a cool oven. Serve warm or cold.

## Coats Will Be Distinctly Longer.

COATS are distinctly longer. The majority of them reach to the knee, and many are even longer; this greater length refers to the skirts as well. The long coat of cloth and fur, which prevailed so much last year, will be worn more than last season.—From Good Housekeeping.

## HICTANER 'The Man Fish'

By Jean de la Hire  
A Strange Story of Mystery and Fanaticism

(Copyrighted.)  
SINCE the frightful disaster in the Persian Gulf, thousands and thousands of the sailors did not hesitate to express their antagonism to the states and countries who were leading them to inevitable death.

On land there were murmurs of discontent from the people, who were showing an alarming willingness to submit to the whims of the Unknown, the Unknown who promised the abolition of taxes and the suspension of the standing army.

The whole world burned with impatience to see this idiotic war and this hecatomb of men being overcome by an invincible and all-powerful enemy—even at the price of moral slavery. After five minutes of ominous silence the admiral spoke again.

"So, gentlemen, it is necessary to adopt a plan making us masters of Hictaner without endangering the life of a single sailor. My project takes cognizance of this first consideration, as you will see."

To Kill Hictaner.  
"Aboard the destroyer Xidji of my fleet, which makes thirty-one knots an hour, I will leave tonight for Gibraltar. The answer to the ultimatum will not be that dictated by Admiral Germinet, but this: 'The Powers submit, and accept the conditions of the ultimatum. The commander of the Japanese destroyer Xidji is delegated to seek out Hictaner and to stipulate conditions for a treaty of peace.' Thus informed, I hope that Hictaner will set out in search of the Xidji, and once I have him aboard four of my sailors and a ship-noon will complete the victory. That is all I have to suggest."

The acclaim with which Admiral Okosima's proposal was received was almost a tumult. They applauded, they murmured and they commented aloud. M. White was obliged to command silence.

Admiral Germinet's voice arose: "But with Hictaner lost, they still have the electric mirror."

"That makes little difference. One can fight the electric mirror. Besides, I imagine that neither Oxus nor Fulbert will know how to recharge it, when they have exhausted the supply of electricity. It is evident that the man armed with the electric mirror cannot strike before, behind and on both sides at the same time. Therefore, he will be vulnerable. By courage and by numbers we can triumph."

Almost unanimous applause greeted this bold reply.

"To the vote. To the vote!" they cried.

But M. White did not believe in sacrificing parliamentary order to violence. He rang for silence and gained it. As calm as if he were presiding over a quiet meeting of the duma of an empire, he said:

"Is there any comment to be made?" No one replied.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

### Marrying a Soldier.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am engaged and had intended to marry this summer, but my intended husband's name stands near the top of the list in the second draft, so I am perplexed.

Would he be classed as a slacker trying to evade service to his country? And how would I feel to become settled in my little home only to be parted from my husband?

Should I marry, or would you just wait? PERPLEXED.

Your marriage, of course, will not give your husband any claim to exemption, as you evidently recognize. So the whole question changes to your own personal attitude. I cannot advise you as to whether it is better to make your little home and go into it for a few months with the man you love and then, perhaps, face a long separation, or to make up your mind to wait cheerfully and hopefully. Fine women can differ as to the ethics and wisdom of this question. It has to be a personal matter. You must figure out which will give each of you most of happiness and peace, and which will save each of you most of suffering and regret. If he cannot leave you decently provided for and if he must go to the war worrying over the new responsibility you bring to him, marriage may wreck your soldier boy. Consider just what it would mean to take your few months now, and whether you can afford them.

Ask Him to Your Home.

I am twenty, and employed in my uncle's office. Through him I have met a very nice man who takes me to dinner. I have always wanted to invite him to call, but am afraid that he would think I am bold. Do you think it proper?

Not only is it proper, but it is even necessary if you want to seem

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am nineteen, and employed as a stenographer. During the past year, my employer, a married man, has been paying too much attention to me. He has told me he is fond of me, and asked me to go out with him. I would very much appreciate a reply from you as to what I should do, as I like my position and would hate to leave it.

You were employed for your ability as a stenographer—not because the head of your office wanted a social entertainer or companion. He has no right to introduce the question of his so-called fondness for you into the routine of an office. Don't let a silly unwillingness to look for another position prevent you from making your position perfectly clear. If this man is a dangerous and unprincipled creature, of course you must not stay in his employ. If he is just a flirt and a little inclined to seek adventure, he will easily be put in the proper frame of mind when you explain to him that you are not willing to be the companion of any married man on a little pleasure excursion. Just tell him that you are willing to be called a pride or old-fashioned and that you still take pride in your real determination to draw the line between social and business friends and never to do business with another woman's husband.

## Beginning Tomorrow

A Thrilling Serial Story

# "The Vampire"

Will Appear Daily in

The Times

Don't Miss the First Installment